

Story of the Horse Alexander the Great Rode



Alexander Rode Bucephalus in All the Battles of the Persian Campaigns and Elsewhere.

One summer morning more than 2,200 years ago, as King Philip of Macedonia and his officers were in the field reviewing the cavalry, a man walked up to the royal circle, leading a magnificent white steed that stamped its bit and pawed the ground like a very Pegasus.

"Is your horse for sale, Sir Thessalian?" inquired the king, who seems to have known the stranger.

"Yes," answered Philonels, eagerly, "but only kings can buy him."

"Your price?"

"Sixteen talents" (about \$16,000).

"He is of Thessalian breed and feet as a deer."

"Tis a goodly steed," said the king, musingly, "but you ask too much."

However, we will make a trial of him, and if he suits us we shall not quarrel about the price. Here, Perdiccas, will you mount this Thessalian charger and test his speed?"

The officer addressed, a young Macedonian wearing a tall crested helmet and an embroidered mantle, turned to obey his sovereign, but as he approached the steed plunged so furiously and appeared so unmanageable that Perdiccas was glad to withdraw for his own safety.

Several nobles essayed the feat, but none successfully. The white steed snorted and fumed so viciously that they dared not approach him. He seemed all at once to become a demon of fury, not only resisting all attempts to mount him, but turning fiercely upon all the grooms if they even spoke to him.

"Sir Philonels, I would not take your fiery Thessalian steed as a gift," declared Philip, angrily. "You intended to cheat me. Take away the savage brute."

Philonels started to lead away the steed, looking somewhat disappointed. But he did not go far before he was called back. For the Prince Alexander, who had been standing near by, an interested spectator, had advanced and now stood with his bare legs shining like gold in the sunshine. He was only a slight, slender boy of 14, but in his handsome, ingenious face there shone a spirit of bravery and determination far beyond his years.

"What a horse you are losing, father," he said, "for want of a little skill and vigor to manage him."

"What, boy? do you think you can manage the beast better than your elders?" cried the king.

"That I can, or I will pay the price that the Thessalian asks for him," returned Alexander.

"Let the rash youngster try his skill," said Philip laughing, and no doubt pleased with his son's audacity.

Without the least show of fear or hesitancy the prince walked to the fiery beast and took a firm hold of the bridle. Then turning him so that he faced the sun he patted his neck and spoke to him gently. He had shrewdly guessed that the horse's unruliness lay in the fact that he was disturbed by his own shadow, which fell before him and moved as he moved.

Instantly the charger ceased his snorting and became quiet, seeing which Alexander leaped deftly to his back, and without using either spur or whip, galloped him over the field until he had him under full control. When he drew up before the crowd of spectators and dismounted, Bucephalus was tamed.

"Thou has won the horse," said Philip, embracing the prince, "and thou deservest another kingdom, too, my son, for Macedonia is too small for thee."

And Alexander, very proud of his victory, said, bending his flushed face: "The eagle flies toward the sun, and my Bucephalus is an eagle in speed."

"Thou wert keener than the rest of us," said the king, "and hast well won thy prize. Pay the Thessalian his gold," to his secretary, who gave 16 Attic talents into Philonels' hands.

Alexander rode his brave steed back to the palace, and ever after rode no other horse. He named him Bucephalus, which, in Greek, means "ox-headed," because he had on his forehead a black mark resembling the head of an ox. When he set out upon his conquest of the east he took Bucephalus with him. He rode him in all the battles of the Persian campaigns; at the Granicus, at the Issus and at Arbela, and the gallant horse bore him safe through all dangers.

No one save the hero ever mounted him, and when the white steed died Alexander had him buried with the honors due a royal prince and built a city to his memory. If you will turn to your classic atlas you will find a city in Persia named Bucephala. There Bucephalus was buried, and this is the city that was named in honor of one of the most famous horses in history.

JACOB AND ESAU

Sunday School Lesson for March 17, 1907.

Specialty prepared for this paper.

LESSON TEXT.—Genesis 27:1-23, 41-45. Memory verse 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight."—Prov. 12:22.

TIME.—According to Bible margin Esau sold his birthright about 1865 B. C., 16 years after the death of Abraham, and Jacob gained possession of it 25 years later B. C. 1780.

PLACE.—Jacob's early home was at Beersheba. He fled far to the north to Sharan near headwaters of Euphrates.

SCRIPTURAL REFERENCES.—Esau despoising his birthright: Heb. 12:16, 17. Jacob chosen instead of Esau: Rom. 9:13; Mal. 1:2; Obadiah 17-19; Jer. 49:3. Our birthright: Rom. 8:14-17; John 3:16; Rev. 21:1-3. Selling our birthright: Matt. 18:25, 19:16-22; 23:8-9. Mark 8:27, Rev. 18:3.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

The Two Brothers.—The two brothers were twins, but Esau was the elder. They were born and reared at Beersheba. They were as different from one another as Isaac and Rebekah, but with a difference. Esau, in whom Rebekah's nature was emphasized, was the favorite of Isaac, while Jacob, who grafted the shrewdness and business sharpness of his mother's family upon the home-loving and religious and thoughtful nature of his father, was the favorite of Rebekah.

Esau failed because, though brought up in a religious atmosphere, he chose to go with bad companions and marry heathen wives. His fatal steps were not the passionate impulse of a moment. "No man sells his birthright on the spot. He who sells his birthright sells it many times in his heart before he takes it openly to the market. He belittles it and despises it, and cheapens it, at any rate to himself, before he sells it so cheaply to another." So "Esau had hunted for years with the brothers of Judith and Bashemath. He had eaten and drunk and danced with the Hittite inhabitants of the land. He had sacrificed and sworn and vowed to their false gods of the fields and the streams and of the unclean groves—till at last, in open defiance of all decency and religion, he brought home two Canaanite wives to his father's covenant camp."—Alexander Whyte.

Jacob's career was a growth and development. We see his choice of the better things gradually overcoming his faults and imperfections. His progress is slow and difficult, with zig-zag motions, with reactions, like the chilly days and snowstorms of spring, but it is moving on toward the summer harvest and autumn fruits.

The Birthright.—"The first-born is the head of the patriarchal family, and the right of the first-born includes the representative privileges derived from this exalted position."—Dellitzsch.

"Esau was, by right of birth, the head of the family, its prophet, priest, and king; and no man can renounce such privileges, except as a sacrifice required by God, without 'despising' God, who gave them. But more than this: he was the head of the chosen family; on him devolved the blessing of Abraham that, 'in his seed all families of the earth should be blessed'; and, in despising his birthright, he put himself out of the sacred family, and so became a 'profane person.' His sin must not be overlooked in our indignation at the fraud of Jacob, which, as we shall see presently, brought its own retribution as well as its own gain."—Wm. Smith.

The crafty Jacob, instead of sharing his meal with the brother, who had, doubtless, often given him venison, drove a hard bargain, and Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. And knowing well Esau's fickleness, Jacob made him take a solemn oath. "I am dying of hunger," said the elder brother with characteristic exaggeration, "and what is a birthright to me?"

Our Birthright.—As children of God we all have a birthright far more valuable than Jacob or Esau could dream of. We have promises beyond the range of their highest imaginations. "The child in a Christian home has for his birthright the Sabbath day, and the Lord's table, and the society of the best people in the city, and first a youthhood, and then a manhood, of purity and piety and the service of Christ in His church: 'A birthright of trust and honesty and honor and chastity.'"—Alexander Whyte.

We are heirs of God, of his character, his love and care, his heavenly home, his joy and peace. Our souls may be temples of the Holy Ghost, full of "the desirable things of all nations." We have an "inheritance in corruptible and undefiled, and that fadeeth not away"; "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Selling Our Birthright.—Many a man sells his birthright for a mess of pottage—his character, his conscience, his usefulness, heaven itself, for pride, for worldly gain, for honor, for pleasure.

Practical Points.

Never sell your birthright for any inducement whatever, nor make light of religious things, or conscience, or righteousness.

Never do wrong that good may come.

Never do right things in a wrong way; not even gain your rights by any kind of fraud or deceit; never seek to promote a good cause by the devil's methods.

"Overcome evil with good." Other-wise your cup that God made to run over with joy will be mingled with sorrows unnumbered.

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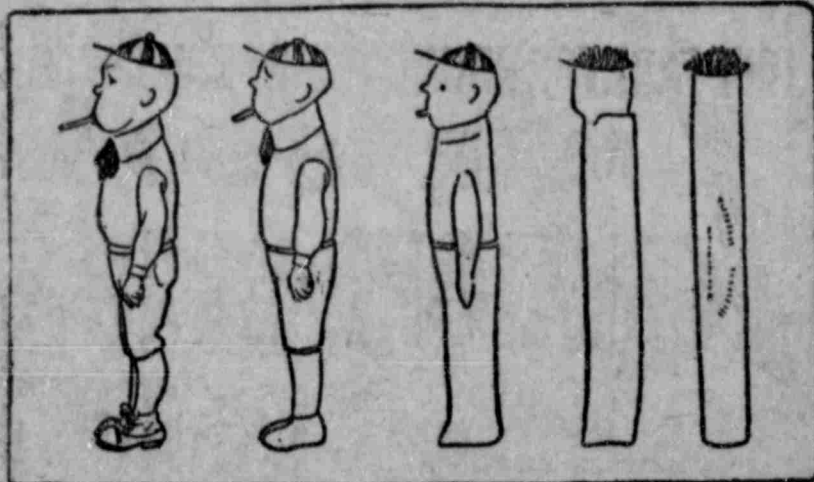
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Evolution of the Boy Who Smoked



Do you know any little boy that smokes cigarettes? If you do, just show him this picture. It is the sad story of little Dick Sillypate. He saw another boy smoking a cigarette, and

thought it looked so manly that he would try it himself. The picture shows what happened to him at the end of five months.—Chicago Daily News.

The Meanest Man.

The following is a conversation overheard between two small boys in a city street not long ago. The first boy said to the second boy:

"Gee, your father must be dreadful mean; he's a shoemaker and you have to wear them old shoes."

The second boy answered, "You needn't talk; your father is mean, too, 'cause he is a dentist and your baby's only got one tooth."

Walkers on Velvet.

"Window dressers haven't such a tough time of it as some others," remarked the man on the street. "The other night I saw one walking on velvet. He was fitting up a window full of clocks for the next day, putting them on forms, hanging them correctly, and all the time he was doing it he was cavorting lightly about on imitation grass of thick green velvet all of a foot deep."

His First Refusal.

A young gentleman who had not familiarized himself with the forms of polite correspondence, and lacked the good sense to discover the form for himself, found it necessary to refuse an invitation. The Chicago Daily News gives the note which he wrote:

Mr. J. Henry Newton declines with pleasure Mrs. Raymond's invitation for the twenty-first, and thanks her extremely for having given him the opportunity to do so.

An Anachronism.

The word "anachronism" means an error in assigning the date of an event, or the time when a person or thing existed, or any misplacing in time of historic scenes, events, persons, objects and language. The use of cannon in Shakespeare's "King John" is an anachronism, as cannon were not employed in England until 100 years or more after his reign.